

# THE OCALA BANNER



Your flag and my flag, and how it flies today;  
In your land and my land and half the world away;  
Rose red and blood red its stripes forever gleam;  
Snow white and soul white, the good forefathers' dream;  
Sky blue and true blue, with stars that gleam aright;  
The gloried gaudon of the day, a shelter through the night.

You, flag and my flag, and oh, how much it holds!  
Your land and my land secure within its folds;  
Your heart and my heart beat quick at the sight;  
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed, the red and blue and white;  
The one flag, the great flag, the flag for me and you;  
Glorified all else beside, the red and white and blue.

FRANK HARRIS, Editor.  
P. V. Leavengood, Business Manager.

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1909

The Jacksonville Metropolis seems to want all the money collected from taxes in Florida to go to the poor, down-trodden office-holders.

The Tallahassee Cornfield Club will soon be able to feast on roasting ears, but are apt to get other sorts of roasts if they don't mind their p's and q's.

The sensation in Tallahassee yesterday was in Speaker Farris declaring Representative Hilburn in contempt and ordering his arrest.

Frank Clark was away off in his utterances before congress, but the Florida legislature didn't help matters when it attempted to rebuke him. —Manatee Record.

Two American missionaries will be tried for criminal libel in the Congo Free State. It seems that they have charged brutal oppression of the natives by the officials.

Baxley and Osteen, white, were found guilty of manslaughter in Gainesville Saturday. They were tried for the killing, at High Springs, of W. H. Moreland, a traveling man.

Speaker Cannon is sprightly at 73, and says a great many words not found in the decalogue. He continues to wink one eye and have things his own way in congress.

Mrs. Augusta Evans-Wilson of Mobile, the south's most famous authoress, is dead at the age of 74. She was the author of many books, and for many years had a popular run.

Editor Russell of the Brooksville Argus is entitled to praise for the great improvement in his editorial page, not only with his respect to its appearance, but its strength of expression.

If Farris, Hilburn and Clark are the candidates for congress from the second district next time it will not be hard to pick the winner. Ask anybody who is well versed in the political game. —Pensacola News.

One of our bright exchanges says Money exercised no control over the Florida legislature—referring to Senator Money. There's nothing in a name—it's the genuine article that makes the mare go.

Editor Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal regards the action of Governor Willson in pardoning ex-Governor Taylor as "an unwarranted assault upon the integrity of the people, and upon the honor of the judicial system of Kentucky."

By way of comment upon Ida Tarbell's remark that there are two John D. Rockefellers, the Houston Post observes that it would probably give Mr. Rockefeller the jimjams if some one were to tell him that there were two Ida Tarbells.

Mrs. Helen Anna Boyle, convicted as an accomplice in the kidnapping of the little Whitla boy, and sentenced to serve a period of twenty-five years in the Pennsylvania penitentiary, threatens to commit suicide. Wouldn't blame her a bit.

The peach crop of Georgia, despite the reports of its being so often killed, will turn up with a different story when the time comes. A peach buyer says: "The cold affected the peaches in a strange way. In south Georgia I saw many of trees loaded down with green peaches, but containing no lemons. The cold hurt the northern section of the state more than the middle and southern portions. While the crop will not be as good as one-half in north Georgia, so that it will be better farther south, so that the state should average up about one-half the usual crop."

## CARD PRIZES DEFENDED

It seems very generally believed by Christian people that the giving of prizes at card parties is wrong. But such a view is not held by the editor of the Living Church (Milwaukee). Instead of that, he engages in a sturdy defense of the practice, at the same time expressing his astonishment at the report that the postoffice department will rule that "card parties at which prizes are offered to the winners are to be construed as gambling, and the invitations to them to be unmailable." Many will find his logic surprising. The idea that playing cards for prizes is gambling is, he thinks, absurd in itself, and furthermore, "the confusion of thought which leads to it must greatly hamper those Christian workers who are trying to drive gambling out of communities in which the vice has become entrenched." That the postoffice department should be "so unfortunate as to fail to distinguish between innocent card playing and gambling" seems to him likely to result in an "enormous impetus to the latter on the ground that it is officially certified to stand on the same plane with the former." The writer goes on to distinguish:

"The essence of gambling is not, as is sometimes said, the fact of receiving something for nothing. If it were, the receipt of every gift made in the true spirit of giving would be an act of gambling. The free gift of Jesus Christ to the world is the pattern which impels us to give gifts to each other, and Christmas time is a poor time in which to suggest that the act of giving, which necessarily involves the act of receiving the gift, is intrinsically wrong.

"To give a prize is to offer a gift under conditions which involve some degree of a contest as to the recipient; the giver divests himself of the natural right to choose the recipient of his gift, and instead, formulates conditions upon which it shall be given. A prize for attendance or for proficiency at Sunday or day school rests ethically upon precisely the same plane as a prize for the winner at cards. If the government intends to penalize one sort of prize giving, it must logically penalize every other sort.

"The essence of gambling is in the attempt, through covetousness, to secure from another that which the other does not offer as a free gift. A lottery is an indirect form of gambling, in which the prize is of such value as to inspire covetousness, and the contest for it a direct challenge to that sin. The purchase of a lottery ticket or a chance, is an attempt to secure a valuable article for oneself with the assistance of money payments from other people such as are not intended as gifts. It involves a willingness to win by means of the losses of other people. There are no prizes in a lottery; there is the sale of an article denominated the prize, in which many join to pay an extravagant purchase price, but only one receives that which all jointly have purchased.

"But the prize offered by a hostess to the winner at a card contest involves none of these principles. The hostess is not competing for the prize against her guests; it is her free will gift, in which the only element of uncertainty is as to the recipient. And it does not involve the principle of the lottery, for the prize is not won by means of the losses of other people. It is purchased. There is no loser who has made an investment in the hope of winning a thousandfold more than he invested; it is a transaction in which no party has been injured and in which the impelling motive is the expression of good will on the part of the hostess to all her guests alike, all of whom are treated equally."

The writer of the editorial quoted does see some shades in the card-playing practice. He admits that "there are, of course, abnormal players, abnormal card parties and abnormal prizes."

There are also conditions attending such gatherings that are reprehensible. Thus:

"To offer a prize of such relative intrinsic value as to afford a temptation to covetousness is both the height of vulgarity and a temptation of others to sin. To throw one's whole soul into playing, to seek to win regardless of everything, to lose one's temper at what may be unfortunate plays of others, to neglect duties in order that one may play—these are to make of card playing a sin. If one cannot play temperately and recollectedly, he should 'touch not taste not, handle not,' precisely as any other intemperate desire should impel one to total abstinence from that which proves too great a temptation for him. And there individuals and groups in society whose obvious corruptness of the prize, or whose corrupt methods in seeking to win, have wisely impelled high-minded Christian men and women either to decline to receive a prize when playing with them, or, in extreme cases, to refuse to play in such groups. These are the abnormalities of card playing, the exceptional conditions which require exceptional treatment."

## MOTHER'S DAY!

From Sunday's Daily:

Today has been set apart by proclamation of those in authority—and with the unanimous voice of the people—as Mother's Day!

It ought, and we believe will be, observed throughout the nation as no other day has ever been before.

Millions of editorials, millions of sermons and millions of panegyrics will go out in love and benediction to this best of all beings.

The mother deserves this tribute of love and affection, and today the white flower should be everywhere conspicuously worn. It should, indeed, be made a day of precious memory to the presiding genius of every home throughout all this land of ours.

The shrine of motherhood is the most sacred on this earth, and before it we can kneel in adoration and pour forth our sweetest incense. Why? Because this love implanted in the mother's breast is of God.

In His marvelous creation God made this love of the mother for her offspring a part of every created thing. We go to the jungles of Africa, and we find it in the breast of the fiercest and most ferocious animal. We find it in the breast of the cannibal woman; we find it before and after the deluge. As we ascend in the scale of civilization we find it more and more refined and glorified in the women of today.

The daughter's footsteps may wander from the straight and narrow path; the boy may waste his life in wild and riotous living, but the mother will never forsake them. A mother's love has no boundary lines.

Mother-love is a jewel that never loses its luster; it is a gem that grows brighter and stronger with age—it never fails nor fades.

Let us consecrate ourselves today in a memorial to mother. If possible let us make her name more hallowed. Let us not only wear an outward flower to her praise, but let us provide for her a permanent place in the citadel of our hearts.

Let us swear eternal allegiance to mother, and make her name take precedence over all others.

Mother, we salute thee! May thy name be hallowed in every tongue! May God's choicest blessings encompass thee! May every hand be uplifted for thy protection, every knee for thy exaltation and every heart for thy love!

## SHOULD BE NAMED FLAGLER

The Tampa Tribune, in discussing the naming of the new county to the north of us, says:

"One new county has been created by the present legislature, and it has been given the name of the famous winter resort, Palm Beach. There was a general suggestion to the effect that this county should be named Flagler county, in honor of the great east coast developer. The suggestion was an eminently proper one, and the Tribune is at a loss to understand why this name was not given it."

The Pensacola News, in discussing the matter, falls into an evident error, however, when it says: "Of all the 47 counties of the state, but one bears the name of a public man, living or dead."

The News probably meant to say, Florida public man, because, as a matter of fact, the majority of the counties of this state bear the names of notable men. For instance, we have Calhoun, Clay, DeSoto, Duval, Franklin, Holmes, Jackson, Jefferson, Lafayette, Lee, Madison, Marion, Monroe, Osceola, Pasco, Polk, Putnam, Taylor, Walton and Washington. Duval and Levy and Pasco were named for distinguished Floridians. But every consideration of historical justice argues that the names of the new counties should be selected from Florida's roll of fame. For instance, if a county is created from the west coast section of Hillsborough it ought to be named Powell county, in honor of the greatest divisionist of them all. Seriously, however, the legislature could not have done better than give the name of Flagler due honor by bestowing it upon the new Palm Beach county.

The novelty of the present session of the legislature is fast wearing off, and nearly everybody will breathe freer when the time of adjournment comes around. If we shall ever have a constitutional convention the member who will propose limiting the sessions of the legislature to every four years will strike a popular chord and the proposition to return to the convention system will win out. If we wanted an office we would father such a movement.

King Edward of England is having his troubles. He is aging rapidly, is growing petulant and peevish; his wife is quite deaf and refuses to use a trumpet and conversation between them is very unsatisfactory. So there it is. Titles do not always bring permanent blessings and true happiness as often lies in other directions.

An effort is being made to boom Mr. Roosevelt for the next mayor of New York.

## UNITED STATES IS A FARM BASED NATION

If the American farmer went out of business this year he could claim up \$30,000,000,000, says the American Review of Reviews. And he would have to sell his farm on credit; for there is not enough money in the whole world to pay him half his price.

Talk of the money-mad trusts! They might have reason to be mad if they owned the farms, instead of their watered stock. When we remember that the American farmer earns enough in seventeen days to buy out Standard Oil, and enough in fifty days to wipe Carnegie and the steel trust off the industrial map, the story of the trusts seems like "the short and simple annals of the poor."

One American harvest would buy the kingdom of Belgium, king and all; two would buy Italy; three would buy Austria-Hungary, and five, at spot cash price, would take Russia from the czar.

Talk of swollen fortunes! With the setting of every sun the money box of the American farmer bulges with the weight of \$24,000,000. Only the most athletic imagination can conceive of such a torrent of wealth.

Place your finger on the pulse of your wrist and count the heart-beats—one—two—three—four. With every four of these throbs, day and night, a thousand dollars clatters into the gold bin of the American farmer. How incomprehensible it would seem to Pericles, who saw Greece in its golden age, if he could know that the yearly revenue of his country is now no more than one day's pay for the men who till the soil of this infant republic!

Or, how it would amaze a resurrected Christopher Columbus if he were told that the revenues of Spain and Portugal are not nearly as much as the earnings of the American farmer's hen!

Merely the crumbs that drop from the farmer's table (otherwise known as agricultural exports) have brought him in enough of foreign money since 1892 to enable him, if he wished, to settle the railway problem once for all, by buying every foot of railroad in the United States.

Such is our new farmer—a man for whom there is no name in any language. He is as far above the farmer of the story books as a 1909 touring car is above a jinrikisha. Instead of being an ignominious hoeman in a barnyard world, he gets the news by daily mail and telephone, and incidentally publishes 700 trade journals of his own. Instead of being a moneyless peasant, he pays the interest on the mortgage with the earnings of a week. Even this is less of an expense than it seems, for he borrows the money from himself out of his own banks and spends the bulk of the tax money around his own properties.

Farming for a business, not for a living—this is the motive of the new farmer. He is a commercialist—a man of the twentieth century. He works as hard as the old farmer did, but in a higher way. He uses the four M's—mind, money, machinery and muscle; but as little of the latter as possible.

Neither is he a Robinson Crusoe of the soil, as the old farmer was. His hermit days are over; he is a man among men. The railway, the trolley, the automobile and the top buggy have transformed him into a suburbanite. In fact, his business has become so complex and many-sided that he touches civilization at more points and lives a larger life than if he were one of the atoms of a crowded city.

All American farmers, of course, are not of the new variety. The country, like the city, has its slums. But after having made allowance for exceptions, it is still true that the United States is the native land of the new farmer. He is the most typical human product that this country has produced, and the most important, for, in spite of its egotistical cities, the United States is still a farm-based nation.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

Earl P. Adams had a wife and one daughter living in Canada. The wife says that they were never divorced, and that he occasionally contributed to the support of their child.

The Wauchula Advocate speaks of a Tampa judge disposing of forty cases in forty-five minutes, which sets us to wondering whether they were pints or half pints.—Pensacola Journal.

## DOCTORS

say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.

Take it in a little cold milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

## MEMBERS BAND TOGETHER

A special from Tallahassee says the following resolution produced and read by Mr. Roberson in the house Friday morning created quite a sensation. Following is the resolution: "Be it resolved, That each and every member of the house of representatives who signs his name hereto, we agree to vote against any, each and every constitutional amendment which shall come before the house to be voted on till the end of the present session; provided, that any member who has promised, or who feels it to be his conscientious duty to vote for any amendment that is pending

or shall pend before the house is absolved from voting as hereinbefore provided, with reference to such amendment."

The above was signed: Pattishall, Roberson, Wiggins, Richbourg, Miller, Brown, Conway, Hodges, Duke, Peaden, McCaskill, Kelly, Knight, Boland, Page, Carn, Light, Ogilvie, Godfrey, Hilburn, Alexander, Moore, Cox.

Colonel William LeFils, for many years commanding the first regiment, Florida state troops, has tendered his resignation to Governor Gilchrist. This action has been made necessary on account of business.

## Summer Fertilizing —OF— Citrus Trees

This is a very important application, for a liberal supply of food at this time increases the size of the fruit and gives a large bearing surface for next year's crop. You cannot afford to economize (?) on fertilizer. Neither should you delay about applying it. Nature calls for help in May and this is the time when fertilizer will do the trees the most good. Later applications prolong the growth, and therefore the maturing of the fruit, thus making the crop late and sapping the vitality of the tree. We have Fruit and Vine formulas to meet every condition of soil. Write to us about them and ask for our booklet, "Good Old Summer Time in the Orange Groves."

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